

# ZION'S



# HERALD.

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## ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

**PULPIT SKETCHES, NO. 1.**  
Rev. J. W. B.

The return of every poor prodigal under heaven to his Father's house and friendship. This gospel is not local in its principles, nor partial in its benevolence, wrapping up its votaries in the gloomy folds of selfishness and bigotry—nor, on the other hand, is it so liberal as to weaken the bands of civil society, destroy the principles of moral government, or lessen our obligations to Almighty God. The gospel is like its Author, pure, benevolent, and consistent. It is too holy to approbate even the slightest appearance of sin. It spreads before those who are ready to perish a rich and splendid feast, and invites the poor and the needy to partake of the heavenly viands without money and without price. To all men everywhere, without reference to person, degree, nation, or country, it sends a sincere, affectionate, and earnest offer of life and salvation, throwing wide open every door of hope, and bidding every wandering son and daughter of Adam upon the footstool, a welcome under its sheltering wing.

The gospel which takes in the whole of revelation, and not a part only. The everlasting gospel.—Because of its nature and extent. It saves to the uttermost and is able to supply the wants and relieve the distresses of the whole family of sinful man. Emphatically the everlasting gospel, on account of its influence upon the decisions of the last day, and the effect it shall have upon the destinies of all men. Then we shall be judged according to its general tenor in connection with the deeds done in the body.

The extent of his commission.—The whole habitable globe is his parish. He is sent to all the dwellers upon earth. His commission is, "go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature." He is to preach the glad tidings of salvation and mercy to every nation, kindred, tongue, and people, under heaven. The great Head of the church Himself leads the way in missionary labors. He was, strictly speaking, an itinerant preacher. He preached in the streets and lanes, the synagogues and market-places of Jerusalem—the fields, mountains, and shores in its suburbs—without regard to nation, place, or circumstance, age, sex, or condition. His immediate successors, the apostles, trod in His footsteps. They scattered themselves abroad over the face of the earth, preaching the unsearchable riches of Christ to barbarian, Scythian, bond, and free. All ministers, however, are not evangelists. We condemn none for feeding a particular flock, seeing that in the order of Christian economy, the preachers of the gospel are furnished with a diversity of gifts. "He has given some apostles, some prophets, and some evangelists, and some pastors, and some teachers, for the perfecting of the saints for the work of the ministry."

We learn from this subject that the ministers of Christ occupy a distinguished place in the moral world. To them is delivered the oracles of God, and the destinies of millions may turn upon their faithfulness in declaring the whole counsel of God to a fallen world. Ministers watch for souls; for souls that can never die; souls for whom the Saviour gave himself up to ignominy and contempt; souls that he exults over in the realms of life, or wail amongst demons in the blackness and darkness of a miserable hell. We hence infer the necessity of a holy ministry.

This subject teaches us that we must know nothing among men, save Jesus Christ and him crucified; that in the gospel there is every thing necessary for the preparation. The materials are ample. The depositories of this gospel are the sacred Scriptures, and while we draw from these living springs we need not give ourselves uneasiness respecting the result. His word shall not return void without accomplishing the purposes for which it was sent. Our sufficiency then is in God, who has deigned to make us co-workers with him in the salvation of sinners, that in the end the excellency of the power may be seen to be of God and not of us, and Christ be crowned Lord of all.

In contemplating this subject we are assured that preaching is of divine origin, being established by the example of Christ and his apostles. Let all rejoice, then, who are treading in their footsteps, though tracked by blood and the way still somewhat rough and stony, yet who would turn aside for the loaves and fishes, the friendship of the world, the adulations and applause of men? No, let us rather fly into every open door, and wherever we can find one poor wanderer from the fold of God, urge upon him the necessity of repentance towards God and faith in our Lord Jesus Christ. Our labor is great, our time and opportunity short, and uncertain. May we then ever be found upon the winds, flying through the midst of Heaven, never tiring in the work of the ministry, till the voice of the Holy One and the watcher summoneth us to our kindred spirits in the skies. J. N. M.

## SCOFFING AT RELIGION.—No. 3

There shall come in the last days scoffers.

It will be allowed by the moralist, that those who are prone to deride men of inflexible integrity who betray the baseness and littleness of their minds. They exhibit proof of their ignorance of the sublimity of virtue, as well as that of the true excellence of man. By affecting distaste for purity and strictness of morals, they do not merely expose themselves to contempt, but they propagate sentiments, and feelings, and affections, detrimental, if not dangerous to society. But loosen the regard and respect due to virtue, in any of its parts, and you begin to sap the foundation of the whole. It is, I believe, a fact, that few men become entirely prodigal at once. But they deviate by degrees, and step by step, from the dictates of conscience.—And, were the loose casuistry of the scoffer permitted to prevail, open dishonesty, treachery, and falsehood, would immediately grow out of such complying principles.

We will now introduce virtues of a more personal nature, and which relate to the government exercised over our pleasures and passions. And here the scoffer has always imagined himself to possess an ample field. Often, too often, have the virtues of sobriety, temperance, modesty and chastity, been made the subject of sport and ridicule, as austere or monkish habits, which debar men from associating with the fashionable and the gay; while these scoffer, "walking," as the apostle truly observes, "after their own lusts," boast of their liberal, free and manly spirit! Infatuated men! dost thou make sport of those virtues, which derive their authority from the laws of Jehovah, and which are absolutely requisite to both public and private happiness?

Let us then point you to the consequences arising from such sentiments and such conduct. By indulging in licentious pleasures for a season, and while the bloom and the vigor of youth remain, you may obtain the enjoyment of a few passing gratifications. But what are these, compared to more solid good?—Grant the supposition that a man perseveres unrestrained in this course; is it not followed by a disreputable character, and disorder in his affairs? by an emaciated and broken constitution, and a hurried and miserable old age?—Let not the scoffer make light of virtues, without which, mankind would be destitute of peace, and comfort, and good order among themselves. But let

him be desired to think, if he thinks at all, upon his domestic situation, and his immediate connexions. What if he is a father, or a husband, or a brother, or has any friend or relation, male or female, allied to him by the endearing ties of consanguinity, in whose happiness he may feel interested? Let me put to him the question in seriousness, whether he would be willing, that inebriety, unchastity, or dissipation of whatever description, should mark their character? Would he even countenance any such excesses in them? would he, in their company, and without disguise, scoff at the opposite virtues, as of no consequence to their present or future welfare? And if he would not, if the most licentious "shrink back upon himself, and startle at destruction," if notwithstanding his course, and in the contemplation of his own loose pleasures, he is still anxious that his own family and friends should remain untainted, Oh! let it teach him the great value of those private virtues, which in the whirlpool of dissipation, and in the giddiness of his own mind, he has been ready to condemn. Banish sobriety, and temperance, and purity, and you tear up the very foundation of public order, public happiness, and domestic tranquility. You "lay the axe at the very root" of all morality and religion—of all that is holy, and sacred, and worthy of preservation in civilized life!—You render the domicile of every individual in the community, a divided—a miserable abode!—filled with all that is heinous and disgusting in the human character, abounding with tears of shame, and mutual reproaches of infamy!

And what is the conclusion from this course of reasoning? Why it is neither more nor less than this, that religion and morality in all their forms, either of precept or of doctrine, piety towards our God, integrity towards men, or regularity in private conduct, are so far from affording any grounds of ridicule to the scoffer, that they deserve our highest esteem and veneration. It is a fact which cannot be controverted, that in exact proportion as the manners of the community are vicious, mankind, composing that community, are unhappy. It is said in Prov. xiv. 9, that "fool make a mock at sin." Why not make a mock at war, or famine, or pestilence, which are the effects of it?

The lips of the wise utter knowledge; but the mouth of the foolish is near to destruction. "The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom; and he that keepeth the commandment, keepeth his own soul." Scripture, July 16, 1827. LAYMAN.

Cate's soliloquy on the immortality of the soul.

FOR ZION'S HERALD.

## PASTIME, NO. 1.

But when life's morning dreams depart,  
And grief succeeds to fancied bliss,  
Oh! what shall cheer the lonely heart,  
Or soften sorrow's bitter kiss?  
Years will roll on—and time will bring  
Its various changes, but in vain—  
There is a life but one short spring,  
And that can ne'er return again.

Custom has affixed a sense to the word, with which this number is headed, somewhat, though not altogether, different from that in which I design to use it, at this time. It is sometimes used to signify amusement; and, reader, if you can amuse yourself with reading the few thoughts, which may be thrown together under this title occasionally, I hope you may not only be amused, but profited. Time is a gift of inestimable worth; we cannot, therefore, be too sensible of the necessity of improving it well. The subjects which I design to present you in these numbers, are of the deepest importance; and though they may not be dressed in so fine a garb as some others you may have read of less moment, yet they may serve to engage a little of your time, which otherwise, perhaps, might pass with less profit; and withal, direct the attention to the great concerns of that awful period, when time itself shall be no more.

What a pity that so much of the precious time, given us by our Creator, for the improvement of the mind and the salvation of the soul, should be suffered to pass unimproved! How many days, weeks, months, and even years, of our life have already run to waste! Those days are gone—and they can never return again! Perhaps,—

"You have lost a friend, a brother,  
Heard a father's parting breath—  
Gazed upon a lifeless mortal—  
Till life seemed to wake from death."

And you have often mourned their loss—they are gone—no more to return again—Oh, then, think on the days that are gone.—Turn back the page of years.—Learn the rapid flight of time—Time flies, Oh! how swiftly! We should meet the beginning of each day as the coming of a friend;—we should feel deeply solicitous to make the best use of it while it tarries;—and close it with the reflection, that we have lived a day, which we never, never shall live again. The writer has often reflected seriously on this. And the moments spent in such reflections are what I might denominate my "Pastimes." They have been the most profitable moments of my life. Reader, if you have any time to spare for the contemplation of more important things—reflect on the subject suggested in this number. The loss of time is like the loss of the soul—if it be once lost, it is lost for ever!

New London, July 21, 1827.

## MISCELLANY.

### PRIZE ESSAY.

On the Perpetuity and Divine Authority of the Sabbath. By William Jay, Esq. to whom was awarded the premium of one hundred dollars, by a committee of the Synod of Albany.

The desire for the pleasure of the present life, and the belief in the rewards and punishments of that which is to come, are the two great governing principles of human conduct. These principles occasionally operate in union; but in general they exercise a counteracting influence. The apprehension of a state of future retribution, frequently embitters the enjoyment and limits the extent of unalloyed indulgence; while on the other hand, the allurements of sense, too often divert the eye of faith, from that vision of heavenly bliss, on which it delights to rest; and dissipate those apprehensions of divine wrath, which conscience had awakened. Hence the ingenuity of man, has in every age, been exerted, to enable him to enjoy the present, without losing sight of the future world; or, in other words, to reconcile pleasure and duty, and to soften, if not to silence, the troublesome admonitions of conscience. To effect this end, while the authority of the divine law has been reverently acknowledged, its provisions have been accommodated, by subtle distinctions and explanations, to the propensities of our nature. So prone are mankind to extend by every possible means, the limits of gratification, that multitudes, who would have shuddered at an open and avowed transgression of the commands of their Maker, have been unobtrusively led to avail themselves of these distinctions and explanations, to lower the requisitions of scripture; and have fatally persuaded themselves, that while eagerly pursuing the pleasures and vanities of this world, they were not forfeiting their title to

more substantial and enduring happiness. Hence we have the maxim ostensibly founded on the benevolence of the Deity; while the qualifications prescribed by His wisdom and holiness, are forgotten, that "to enjoy, is to obey." Hence all amusements, not in themselves positively immoral, are denominated "innocent," while the prodigal waste of time and money which many of them occasion, the temptations by which they are accompanied, and the sins to which they frequently lead, are willingly overlooked.

This perpetual effort to bring down the standard of Christian obedience to our own convenience and inclinations, and to combine the enjoyments of this world with the hopes of a better, has often involved the best and wisest of men in lamentable inconsistencies, and has caused no small portion of those gross and tolerated violations of the divine law, which are witnessed in every government and nation professing the authority of the Bible.

In no instance, perhaps, are these remarks more forcibly illustrated, than in the qualifications with which the injunction to keep the Sabbath day is received, and in the manner in which it is obeyed. To suspend, for one day in every week, all the secular occupations of life, and to arrest the ardent pursuit of pleasure and of avarice, is to thwart many of the strongest passions of our nature, while to refuse obedience to a plain and positive command of the Deity, is appalling to the conscience.

It is not, therefore, surprising, that various expedients have been devised for dispensing with the obligation of His command, without renouncing the allegiance due to its Author. Hence, it is maintained, that the Sabbath formed only a part of that system of types and figures, which constituted the Mosaic dispensation, and that its authority ceased when those types and figures received their accomplishment in the mission of the promised Messiah; and the alleged silence of the New Testament respecting this institution, is adduced as a proof that the observance of the Sabbath is one of those burdens, from which the Author of Christianity has relieved his followers. It cannot be, therefore, either useless or uninteresting to inquire, on what grounds our obligation to keep the Sabbath day holy is founded, and by what authority we are required to observe the first instead of the last day of the week.

The sacred historian, after recounting the several acts of creation on six successive days, proceeds in the following words:—"Thus the heavens and the earth were finished, and all the host of them. And on the seventh day, God ended his work which He had made; and He rested on the seventh from all his work which He had made. And God blessed the seventh day and sanctified it." (Gen. ii. 1, 2, 3.)

The terms blessing and sanctification, as applied to a day, can have no other meaning, than that the day was made instrumental in conferring blessings, and was appropriated to sacred purposes; and the rest here ascribed to the Almighty, can intend no more than that He then completed the work of creation. No sooner was this glorious and stupendous work accomplished—a work which infinite wisdom pronounced to be "very good," than the Deity decreed that the seventh day, the first that had witnessed the fair and perfect creation, should become a source of blessings, and be consecrated to His service. But to whom was this day to yield its blessings, and by whom was it to be observed as holy time? "The Sabbath was made for man"—for him for whom the new world had been called into existence, and to whom "dominion" had been given "over all the earth." But man, even while innocent, did not lead a life, either of sloth, or of independence. He was required "to dress and to keep" the garden in which he was placed, and obedience was made the condition of his happiness. His time, therefore, even in Paradise, was necessarily divided between his secular occupations, and his religious duties.

These occupations and duties were both extensively multiplied, when, in consequence of the fall, he was doomed to the sweat of his face, to eat his bread, and when penitence and religious rites were required to propitiate his offended Maker. It became, therefore, important that his labors should be suspended at stated intervals, that he might have leisure for the considerations of his spiritual interests, and for the performance of those duties which his God had enjoined. Hence we are led to acknowledge the wisdom and benevolence that sanctified the seventh day, and to perceive the rich and varied blessings, of which that day was the source.

It has been maintained by some, that the passage we have quoted, was inserted by Moses in his history only in anticipation of the formal institution of the Sabbath at Sinai. The supposition seems to be founded on the opinion that the Mosaic dispensation, if not the first, was, at least, a new system of revealed religion, and that as the sabbath formed a part of that dispensation, it could not have been instituted at the early period to which we have referred it.

That the antediluvian world was favored with a revelation of the will of God, might be inferred in the absence of other testimony, from the awful punishment with which its guilt was visited. We find in the patriarchal history, numerous instances of divine revelations to particular individuals, but we are not therefore to suppose, that the rest of mankind, were left without any authoritative guide in the performance of their religious duties; or that the knowledge of the true God was untainted by any general system of religious belief and practice. The original religion having become, in the lapse of ages, greatly corrupted, and, in many instances, wholly lost, Providence was pleased to make a second revelation of his will; but a careful examination of scripture will convince us that the Mosaic dispensation, instead of being a new religion, was rather a revival, with some additions, of that system which was revealed to Adam, and which had constituted the religion of the patriarchs. A few instances of coincidence between the antediluvian and patriarchal religion and the Jewish economy, will suffice to establish the correctness of this position.

The law of Moses required an offering of the first ripe fruits, and the sacrifice of the "firstling" of every cow, sheep, and goat, and of their "fat." (Ex. xxii. 29, Num. xviii. 17.) The same law was probably in force in the time of Adam, as one of his sons "brought of the fruit of the ground, an offering unto the Lord;" and the other "brought of the firstlings of his flock, and of the fat thereof." (Gen. iv.) The distinction between clean and unclean beasts, formed a prominent feature in the Jewish law; nor was this distinction unknown to Noah; for he was commanded to take a certain number of clean and unclean beasts with him into the ark, and it does not appear that he required or received any instructions as to the particular animals included in these two classes. The sacrifices of the Jews were offered upon "altars;" and the first act of Noah, on leaving the ark, was to build an altar, and to offer a burnt sacrifice of "every clean beast, and of every clean fowl." The priesthood constituted an essential part of the Jewish polity, and the tribe of Levi was maintained by tithes. In the history of Abraham, we find him giving "tithes" to a "priest of the most high God." The Jewish law required that animals offered in sacrifice, should be cut into pieces, and the pieces laid in order upon the altar; but if the victim was a bird, it was expressly forbidden to "divide it

asunder." (Lev. i. 12—17.) Even these minute regulations were familiar to Abraham, since, in the account given us of a sacrifice by him, of certain animals and birds, it is said, "And he took unto him all these, and divided them in the midst, and laid each piece one against another, but the birds divided he not." (Gen. xv. 10.) The law annexed to these, "he that smiteth a man, so that he die, shall surely be put to death,"—was only a repetition of the command given to Noah, "whoso sheddeth man's blood, by man shall his blood be shed."

Other coincidences might be mentioned, but these are abundantly sufficient to prove, that no inference can be drawn against the early institution of the Sabbath, from the fact, that the observance of this day was enjoined by the law of Moses. It is also worthy of remark, that there is no evidence that the patriarchs were either ignorant or regardless of the obligation to keep holy the Sabbath day. We know that the Sabbath was observed by the Jews before their arrival at Sinai, and, of course, that its institution was prior to the promulgation of the decalogue. (see Ex. ch. xxi.) The very language of the fourth commandment bears testimony to this important fact. Instead of, "thou shalt keep the seventh day holy," it is, "remember the Sabbath day, to keep it holy." Here the term Sabbath is used without explanation, as one well known; and the injunction to remember, implies previous knowledge. Instead of, "Wherefore, the Lord will bless the Sabbath day, and hallow it;" the words are,—"Wherefore, the Lord blessed the Sabbath day, and hallowed it." But if the Sabbath had never yet been observed, we are at a loss to understand in what sense it had already been blessed and hallowed. The antediluvians and patriarchs had equal cause with the Jews to commemorate the goodness of God, as displayed in the creation, and equal need with them of a periodical cessation from labor, and of a stated period of religious worship and instruction. There is, therefore, nothing in this institution that confines it to one age or nation: It was as much a blessing and a privilege to Adam, to Enoch, and Abraham, as it was to Moses.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

From the Western Quarterly Review.

## BURIAL OF THE YOUNG APALACHY WARRIOR.

We have in Louisiana such bright and beautiful January mornings, as none can imagine, but those, who have seen. The earth is covered with a white frost, and the sun raises his broadened and purple disk above the level summit of the forests, and a thousand birds hail his cheering glory with their songs. The shadowy veil of Indian summer is spread over the atmosphere, imparting its indescribable coloring to every object, inspiring dreamy sensations, and, as it were, giving form and substance to the spirit of repose. On such a morning, I was taking my customary walk towards the forest, back of the village on Red river. Between the village and the forest, on the bayou Robert road, is a low heathy marsh, covered with patches of water, reddened with the intermixture of the red clay. Tall dead trees, that have been girdled, rear their naked and decaying arms. Others have been blasted with lightning. Stumps and putrefying logs are spread over the marsh. A decaying jald, that used to be filled with the vilest malefactors, stands on the verge of it. Just beyond the jald is a gallows, visible among the dead trees. The whole scene has an appropriate shading of long moss. Little ragged boys are fishing for craw-fish in the gutters. In short, the belt between the town and the forest is a perfect Coccytus. My fondness for that walk had become a standing jest with my friends. But beyond it there were noble trees, having their grand columns wreathed with ivy, which in winter changes its foliage to a rich purple. The road is a kind of causeway, a straight vista between these grand trees, level of a color pleasant to the eye, generally dry yet seldom dusty. Hundreds of times have I paced my mile in this forest, in a solemn and not unpleasant communion with the past, and with the remembrance of friends, who began existence with me, and are now no more, a communion, which I would not exchange for all the songs, ever inspired by the wise cup.

But to my story, which was to describe an Apalachee funeral procession. I had measured the extent of my walk, and was on my return. I paused from time to time, to look at the thousand black birds, that chattered on the trees, to see the flocks of parrots, looking, as they darted through the forest, like lines of green and gold. The mocking bird was as merry, as a buffalo. The red bird whistled long and solemn notes. The dogs were baying in the village. The chattering at times made his shrill note heard above its distant and confused hum. The cannon of a departing steam boat had fired, and it was blown down the river, it left its long columns of smoke behind it. A more glorious morning never dawned, and every thing was of an aspect to "create a soul beneath the ribs of death." Who can explain the impulses, that give coloring to the thoughts and sensations in this our "curious and wonderful frame?" Amidst every thing to inspire cheerfulness, I remembered the morning of life. I remembered painfully the friend, who used to share my walks, and felt, that for the future, I must expect to take them unshared, and alone. A world of waters, woods and mountains separated us, and the train of thought, inspired by these remembrances, prepared me to be affected by a spectacle, which was near me. I saw, just entering the vista of the wood, a cart, preceded by an Indian bent with age. Behind him, and immediately before the cart, was a young woman, whose shrill and feminine cry of grief came softened by the distance upon my ear. Behind the cart was an aged squaw, and two, or three children, all moving slowly on, in the customary Indian file. As the procession met me, the cry of the young woman was an afflicting scream. An unchangeable touch of melancholy thought sat on the brow of the aged savage; but he was silent. The mother behind was frantic in the expression of her grief. The children looked intently upon the ground. In the cart was an unpaired, rough, cypress coffin. I asked the aged warrior, whose body it was, they carried? He answered in broken French, that it was his son's, and at the same time he explained my question, as the cart stopped for a moment, to the mourners in their native language. The widow, the aged woman, the children raised their cry of grief, and tears involuntarily sprung in my own eyes. Here, thought I, is all that remains of a man, who grew up, and died in the desert. He fell in the prime of his days, and all these evidently depended upon him for subsistence and joy.—There can be no mistake in this thing. This expression of agony is no acting; Death deals his dart, and tears fall; and hearts are as deeply desolated in these wild words, as when the tenant of a palace falls. The old man seemed to feel the expression of my sympathy, for his stern countenance relaxed, as he said "c'est mon seul fils—c'est mon grand et brave. Mais il est parti, et mon parti." He had uttered the funeral part of his son. I moved on, and the cart moved deeper into the woods. I looked back upon the procession from time to time, and I could hear the cry of the widow becoming fainter and fainter, until a turn in the road concealed them from my view.











## POETS' DEPARTMENT.

## THE AFRICAN CHIEF.

BY RYAN.

Chain'd in the market-place he stood,  
A man of giant frame,  
Amid the gathering multitude,  
That slunk to hear his name—

All sorts of look and strong of limb,  
His dark eye on the ground—  
And silently they gaz'd on him,  
As on a lion bound.

Yainly, but well, that chief had fought,  
He was a captive now;  
Yet pride, that Fortune humbles not,  
Was written on his brow.

The scars his dark broad bosom wore,  
Show'd warrior true and brave;  
A prince among his tribe before,  
He could not be a slave.

Then to his conquerors he spake—  
"My brother is a king;  
Undo this necklace from my neck,  
And take this bracelet ring;

And send me where my brother reigns,  
And I will fill thy hands  
With store of ivory from the plains,  
And gold dust from the sands."

"Not for thy ivory nor thy gold  
Will I unbind thy chain;  
That bloody hand shall never hold  
The battle spear again.

A price thy nation never gave  
Shall yet be paid for thee;  
For thou shalt be the Christian's slave,  
In lands beyond the sea."

Then went the warrior chief, and bade  
To shed his locks away;  
And, one by one, each heavy braid—  
Before the victor lay.

Thick were the plaited locks, and long,  
And deftly hidden there  
Shone many a wedge of gold among  
The dark and crisped hair.

"Look, feast thy greedy eye with gold,  
Long kept for soot and need;  
Take it—thou shalt soon be untold—  
And say that I am freed."

"Take it—my wife, the long, long day  
Weeps by the cocoa tree,  
And my young children leave their play  
And ask in vain for me."

"I take thy gold—but I have made  
Thy fetters fast and strong,  
And when that by the cocoa shade  
Thy wife will wait thee long."

Strong was the agony that shook  
The captive's frame to hear,  
And the proud meaning of his look,  
Was changed to mortal fear.

His heart was broken—craz'd his brain—  
At once his eye grew wild,  
He struggled fiercely with his chain,  
Whispered, and wept, and smiled.

Yet were not long those fatal bands,  
And once at shot of day,  
They drove him forth upon the sands,  
The foul hyena's prey.

From the Philadelphian.

## THE SEA OF GALILEE.

BY W. B. TAPPAN.

"And He arose and rebuked the wind, and said unto the sea,  
Peace! be still."

Night mantles Judaea, but the star hath not shone,  
On thy bosom, Galilee!  
The tempest is laid, yet the barque alone  
Is laboring o'er the sea.

The Master, entranced, rides the foam of the wave—  
O say, shall his wondrous yield the Godhead a grave?  
Heeds not the Redeemer the thunder increase—  
Shall He not the proud whirlwind disarm?

For see! he hath gone to the slumbers of peace,  
With Jesus all is calm:  
By his waves and his tempest the Maker is tost;  
In dreams, beatific, the Sleeper is lost.

The discipline, in terror, hath sprung from his rest,  
Yet vain is the shipman's skill,  
'Till around, He of Nazareth proclaims the best,  
"Ye billows! I peace, be still!"

The billows, obedient, have sunk on the shore,  
The sea sleeps in murmurs, the tempest is o'er.  
O, thou, when my soul on life's ocean is tost,  
That sea without a calm;

When faith shines but dimly, each hope is lost,  
And all is rude alarm:  
When the waves of remembrance in mountain wreaths roll,  
When the billows of sin have gone over my soul.

At the cross of the Sufferer while humbled to weep,  
I mourn, my stubborn will,  
Do Thou in compassion rebuke the deep,  
And whisper, "Peace! be still!"

The billows, obedient, will die on the shore,  
The sea sleep in murmurs, the tempest be o'er.

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The billows, obedient, will die on the shore,  
The sea sleep in murmurs, the tempest be o'er.

At the cross of the Sufferer while humbled to weep,  
I mourn, my stubborn will,  
Do Thou in compassion rebuke the deep,  
And whisper, "Peace! be still!"

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heavenly frame of mind; and his writings are among the richest treasures of truth. Charnock, with more propriety than Jeremy Taylor, may be called "the Shakespeare of divines." He possessed a bold and vigorous imagination, and a wonderful fertility of genius. His works are rich in thought and evangelical sentiment. Baxter, a flaming preacher of Christ, is second to none of all the British clergy. Though a dying man all his days, he exerted a powerful influence. He was truly an angel of God to the churches. Whitefield and Wesley should not be omitted in the list of eminent ministers of the New Testament. They were instrumental of a second Reformation. Evangelical religion was revived by their preaching and labors. The former was, perhaps, never excelled in a powerful, spirit-stirring eloquence. God went with him. Like Isaiah, his lips were touched with a living coal. The latter was a man of great mind: he was a master-spirit, and laid the foundation of the wisest and most efficient agencies that have ever been brought to bear upon our species.

Of the Scotch clergy, we have time to do little more than mention the names of some of those great and good men. The history of that pulpit would furnish ample materials for a whole article. Of Knox we have already spoken, nor can we speak too highly of a martyr. Melville was like him. O what a noble line has been raised up on that consecrated spot. Speak we of the Erskines, they were high souls. They knew, and loved, and preached the truth. Boston and Brown were eminent men; so were Muncie, and Walker, and Wishart, Macknight, and Davidson, and Blair. Their learning, and talents, and piety, have been matter of praise in all the churches.—*Ch. Spectator.*

Whitefield on his voyage to this country in 1754 passed Lisbon, where he staid three weeks for his health. He was much struck with the Portuguese preachers. "The preachers here," said he, "have taught me something; their action is graceful, *graceful, vivide morum omnia videnda*—lively eyes, lively hands, lively every thing. Surely our English preachers would do well to be a little more fervent in their address. They have truth on their side; why should superstition and falsehood run away with all that is pathetic and affecting?"

## PARENTS' DEPARTMENT.

## AUTHORITY AND OBEDIENCE.

[From Hints for the Improvement of Early Education.]

It is the result of experience that authority is to be established rather by actions than by words. What is vulgarly called scolding, is altogether unnecessary; the government of the tongue is therefore essential to those engaged in the business of education. In mind and action we should be firm; in manner, mild and quiet. It is a common mistake to talk too much, to make too much noise, in managing children. A multiplicity of words—complaints—encouragements—rebukes—but, nothing done, nothing effected, when, probably, one decided action would have accomplished the object without further trouble.

For example, a child gives way to temper and passionate crying at his morning dressing. The nurse prolongs the evil and adds to the noise, by her upbraiding and persuasions, which, at the moment of irritation, of course, avail nothing. She had better be silent at the time, calmly pursuing her usual course, and at breakfast, should her mistress approve it, the offender may be deprived of some little indulgence which the other children are enjoying. Only let her take care to do this with kindness, explaining the reason of her conduct, but not upbraiding him with his fault; assuring him of the pain it gives her to deprive him of any gratification, and of the pleasure she will feel in bestowing the same upon him, when his behavior shall deserve it. This mode of proceeding will effect more than an abundant repetition of mere admonitions and rebukes.

So, also, if a child behaves unusually well, or obtains some victory over himself, encouragement will leave a more beneficial and more lasting impression, if, instead of saying any thing to him at the time, we take an early opportunity of bestowing some favor upon him, reminding him of the cause of his indulgence, and expressing our approbation of his conduct.

With children, a vigilant superintendence is required, not a frequent interference.

The object of education "is to preserve them from evil, not from childishness."

We should, therefore, be very lenient to those errors, which are more "the defects of the age than of the individual," and which time, there is little doubt, will remove, reserving our authority to be exercised with the effect, on important occasions—such occasions, as bear upon fundamental principles and moral habits.

Children must, and should be, children still, and it is our duty to sympathize with them as such; to impose upon them no unnecessary restraint, to grant them every harmless gratification, and, as far as possible to promote their true enjoyment, remembering that although the day is often cloudy, yet it is mercifully ordered that the dawn of life should be bright and happy, unless, by mismanagement, it be rendered otherwise.

It may, at first sight, appear inconsistent with what has been just said, strongly to recommend that the will be effectually subjected in very early childhood. This object must be obtained, if we would proceed in the business of education with comfort, or ensure the welfare and happiness of our children. A portion of strict discipline may, for a time, be required, but discipline, be it ever remembered, is perfectly compatible with the tenderest sympathy and the most affectionate kindness. Many persons who allow themselves to treat children, during their earliest years, merely as playthings, humoring their caprices, and sacrificing to present fancies, their future welfare, when the charm of infancy is past, commence a system of restraint and severity; and betray displeasure and irritability at the very defects, of which they themselves have laid the foundation. But if authority has been thoroughly established in the beginning of life, we shall have it the more in our power to grant liberty and indulgence, and to exercise a genial influence over our children, when their feelings are ripening, and when their affection and confidence towards their parents are of increasing importance. Amidst the various objects of education, the cultivation of confidential habits is too often overlooked even by affectionate and attentive parents. They are, perhaps, obeyed, respected, and beloved; but this is not sufficient. If, in addition, a parent can be to her children, the familiar friend, the unreserved confidant, the sympathizing partner in their joys and sorrows, hopes and disappointments, to hold on the mind is obtained, which will continue when authority ceases, and prove a safeguard through the most critical period of life.

It is important, in the management of children, to make but few rules, and to be unalterably firm in enforcing those which are made—to give no needless commands—but to see that those given are strictly obeyed. We should also be cautious of employing authority on occasions in which it is likely to be exerted in vain, or commanding what we cannot enforce. If, for example, we desire a child to bring a book, and he refuse, we can clasp the book in his hand, and oblige him to deliver it. But if we have imprudently declared that he shall not dine or walk till he has repeated a poem, or spoken a particular sentence, should he choose to resist, we cannot compel him; and this affords an obstinate child the opportunity for obtaining a victory over those to whom he ought to submit.

There are cases in which children, without any ill intention, are unable to obey; and in these, also, they should not be commanded. Of this, personal trifles are an example:—"My dear, don't bite your nails," may be repeated a dozen times in the course of a lesson; but such is the force of habit, that the hand still invol-

untarily finds its way to the mouth. If we are determined to overcome the propensity it must be done by some external restraint, as by fastening the hand in a glove, &c.;—not by commands, which, as they cannot be obeyed, serve only to impair the habit of ready obedience.

It is the part of wisdom, as far as possible, so to exercise authority, that it should be considered as inviolable, never to be disobeyed, or contemned with impunity.

The restraint of the tongue, which has before been mentioned as necessary to those who educate, is one of the most important habits to be enforced, also, upon children themselves, and is a great security to proper submission under authority; forming no small part of that self-subjection, which is essential to true discipline. Impertinent and disrespectful language is not to be allowed; for this, once admitted, is the certain harbinger of actual insubordination, and a train of other evils.

## LADIES' DEPARTMENT.

## MATRIMONIAL MAXIMS.

Addressed to Married Ladies.—The following maxims, if pursued, will not only make the men in love with marriage, but cause them to be good husbands. The first is to be good ourselves. To avoid all thoughts of managing a husband. Never try to deceive or impose upon his understanding; nor give him uneasiness, but treat him with affection, sincerity and respect. Remember that husbands at best are only men, subject, like ourselves, to error and to frailty. Do not too sanguine, then, before marriage, or promise yourselves happiness without alloy. Should you discover any thing in his humor, or behavior, not altogether what you expected or wish, pass it over, smooth your temper and try to mend his by attention, cheerfulness, and good nature. Never reproach him with misfortunes, which are the accidents and infirmities of human life; and burden which each has engaged to assist the other in supporting, to which both parties are equally exposed; but instead of murmuring, and reflections, divide the sorrow between you; make the best of it, and it will be easier to both. It is the inmate office of the softer sex, to soothe the troubles of the other. Resolve every morning to be cheerful and good natured that day; and should any thing occur to break your resolution, suffer it not to put you out of temper with your husband. Dispute not with him, be the occasion what it may; but much rather deny yourself the trifling satisfaction of having your own way, or gaining the better of an argument, than risk a quarrel, or create a heart burning, which it is impossible to force the end of. Implicit submission in a man to his wife is ever disgraceful to both; but implicit submission in a wife to the will of her husband is what she promised at the altar; what the good will reverse her for, and what is in the fact the greatest honor she can receive. Be assured a woman's power, as well as her happiness, has no other foundation than her husband's esteem and love; which it is her interest, by all possible means, to preserve and increase. Study, therefore, his temper, and command your own. Enjoy with him his satisfaction, share and soothe his cares, and with the utmost assiduity conceal his infirmities. If you value your own and your husband's ease let your expenses and desires be ever within the reach of his circumstances; for if poverty should follow, you must share the evil. Be very careful never to give him any cause of jealousy. Let not many days pass without a serious examination into your conduct as a wife; and if, on reflection, you find yourself guilty of any faults or omission, the best atonement is to be more careful in future.

## FROM SCOTT'S LIFE OF NAPOLEON.

Bonaparte and Madame de Stael.—The disagreement between Bonaparte and Madame de Stael, is well known. It originated about the time, when, as a first rate woman of talent, she was naturally desirous to attract the notice of the Victor of Victors. They appear to have misunderstood each other: for the lady, who ought certainly to know the best, has informed us, "that far from feeling her fear of Bonaparte removed by repeated meetings, it seemed to increase, and his best exertions to please could not overcome her invincible aversion for what she found in his character." His ironical contempt of excellence of every kind operated like the sword in romance, which froze while it wounded. Bonaparte never seems to have suspected the secret and mysterious terror with which he impressed the ingenious author of Corinne; on the contrary, Las Casas tells us that she combined all her effort, and all her means, to make an impression on the general. She wrote to him when distant, and as the count ungallantly expressed it, tormented him when present. In truth, to use an established French phrase, they stood in a false position with respect to each other. Madame de Stael might be pardoned for thinking that it would be difficult to resist her wit and her talents, when exerted with the purpose of pleasing; but Bonaparte was disposed to repel, rather than encourage the advances of one whose words were so shrewd, and her observation so keen, while her sex permitted to push her inquiries far beyond what another man might have dared to do in conversing with another. She certainly did desire to look into him "with considerate eyes," and on one occasion put his abilities to the proof, by asking him rather abruptly, in the middle of a brilliant party at Talleyrand's, "Whom he esteemed the greatest woman in the world, alive or dead?"—"Her, madam, that has borne the most children," answered Bonaparte, with much appearance of simplicity. Disconcerted by reply, she observed, that he was reported not to be a great admirer of the fair sex. "I am very fond of my wife, madam," he replied, with one of those brief and yet pregnant observations, which adjoined a debate as promptly as one of his characteristic manoeuvres would have ended a battle.—From this period there was enmity between Bonaparte and Madame de Stael; and at different times he treated her with a harshness which had some appearance of actual personal dislike, though perhaps rather directed against the female politician than the woman of literature.

## YOUTHS' DEPARTMENT.

## [Communicated by a witness of the fact.]

In a small log house, in a deep wood in this town, (Potsdam, N. Y.) lived a beastly drunkard, a laborious, broken-hearted wife, and ten ragged children, with little more covering than nature's garments. A few weeks ago, two female friends of Sabbath Schools, and of their Divine Master, as we hope, visited this abode of poverty and wretchedness. The children fled at their approach, evidently for the same reason that Adam fled from the presence of his Maker—because they were naked. The poor woman was not entirely ignorant of the great work which God had wrought in this place during the winter past, and she hoped she had some little interest in it, although seldom allowed the privilege of meeting with Christians. She gratefully accepted the change of Sabbath School clothes for her children. Next Sabbath, seven of them appeared decently clad—on the second Sabbath they were all in their places in good season, with their books and lessons, and their hearts appeared to be there also. At the close of the school, the superintendent mentioned the Sabbath School Concert for Monday of the next week, and the collection for the benefit of Sabbath Schools, and said every scholar must, in the course of the week, devise some way to earn one cent, at least, to bring into the Lord's treasury. These poor children, with their mother, were anxiously consulting during the week how they should obtain each cent. The father was not disposed to help them; there was not a friend of Sabbath Schools among them; they almost despaired; but the cry of the young ravens is heard, and these children were not forsaken. One of the little boys found a horse shoe in

the road: he ran two miles to a blacksmith's shop and sold it, and supplied every brother and sister. On Monday evening, with light and joyful hearts, as was visible in every countenance, they deposited their little all in the box. Such a collection was never before witnessed in our Sabbath School Concert—a single school, cent by cent, to the amount of four dollars.

It seems as if the children of this land, and of this generation, were in a special manner the favorites of Heaven, and that when the concerns of this world shall rest on their shoulders, none shall need say to his neighbor "Know the Lord," for all shall know Him.

Early piety.—A gentleman in Edinburgh heard Mr. Whitefield preach in the Orphan Park. In the course of the sermon, he related an anecdote of a young girl, about seven years of age, who died about that time in the orphan hospital; and the preacher appealed to many of his hearers for the truth of it.—As it made a deep impression upon the gentleman's mind at the time, he begs leave to give it in Mr. Whitefield's words as near as he can recollect them.

A young girl belonging to the orphan hospital, had been very poorly, and much reduced by long affliction.—She often spoke on religious subjects, and particularly about her Redeemer, with great fervor and wonderful knowledge of the Scriptures. One day, having expressed a great desire to see Mr. Whitefield, the following conversation took place:

Q. For what purpose have you sent for me, girl?

A. I think myself dying, and I wished very much to see you.

Q. What can I do for you?

A. You can tell me about Christ and pray for me?

Q. My dear girl, what do you know about Christ?

A. I know he is the Saviour of the world.

Q. My dear child, he is so.

A. I hope he will be my Saviour also.

Q. I hope, my dear, that this is the language of faith out of the mouth of a babe; but tell me what ground you have for saying this.

A. Oh, sir, he bids little children, such as me, to come to him, and says, Of such is the kingdom of heaven; and besides, I love Christ, and am always glad when I think of him.

Q. My dear child, you make my heart to rejoice: but are you not a sinner?

A. Yes, I am a sinner, but my blessed Redeemer takes away sin, and I long to be with him.

Q. Dear girl, I trust the desire of your heart will be granted; but where do you think you will find your Redeemer?

A. Oh, sir, I think I will find him in heaven.

Q. Do you think you will get to heaven?

A. I do.

Q. But what if you do not find Christ there?

A. If I do not find Christ there, I am sure it is not heaven; for where he dwells must be heaven, for there also dwells God and holy angels, and all that Christ saves.

Here the worthy preacher stopped in relating any thing farther that passed at this solemn and interesting visit, and took an opportunity of recommending early piety from the experience of this girl, who, though only about seven years of age, discovered that she indeed knew the Lord Jesus.—May, many, in the days of their youth, enjoy the same inestimable privilege!

## SAILORS' DEPARTMENT.

## FROM THE NEW YORK OBSERVER.

## THE SAILOR'S PRAYER.

A sailor called last Wednesday to inform the minister of the Mariners' church, that he viewed himself to be in an awful state as to his prospects for another world, and to ask his advice and prayers.—He is a young man about twenty-seven years of age, mate of the brig —, and interesting in his appearance and manners. His countenance was a picture of deep sorrow, and the tears flowed freely down his cheeks. He said he had been a most wicked sinner; had laughed at religion, indulged in the most profane language, led others into sin, and ridiculed the good advice and pious admonitions of his captain. He said he had never felt that he was a sinner, till the Thursday evening before, when in a prayer meeting in the lecture room of the Mariners' church. There his eyes were opened, and, for the first time, he was alarmed about his soul. He said he had been so distressed since that time that he could not rest, and the painful exercises of his mind had sometimes kept him awake almost the whole night. He said he was willing to forsake all sin and the world, and every thing offensive to God, if he might obtain pardon. After giving him such advice as was thought suited to his condition, and directing him to Christ for salvation, they knelt down and prayed together. He seemed to be much engaged in praying for himself.

The next Thursday evening he attended prayer meeting again in the same place. Just at the close of the meeting he offered up a very fervent prayer to the throne of grace. I regret, Mr. Editor, that I cannot send you the whole of this prayer, including the very language and style of it; but this is impossible. The following, however, is a part of it, and as nearly as can be recollected, the words in which he expressed himself:

"O Lord! have I been living so long in sin, and yet I am preserved and alive? O Lord! I have just begun to repent of my sins, with that pardon my sins and help me, and keep me, that I may not sin against thee. O Lord! I have been very wicked, and have led others in the way of sin; may I be a warning to them and lead them in the way of righteousness. O Lord! bless the person that reproved me for swearing, and bless all that family where I board, that they may be a family for thee. O Lord! bless my dear captain, that has been so kind to me, and given me such good advice. O Lord! bless the young man that is going out in our vessel, and may we talk together of these good things, and pray together to thee. O Lord! bless our vessel and all the men that sail in it, and may it be as the house of God. O Lord! may all that are here remember the words that I speak, and take warning by me, and may they turn from all their sins. O Lord! I have just begun in this way and cannot say much about it; but do thou help me, that I may talk to my shipmates about these good things, and that I may pray to thee continually. O Lord! forgive all my sins, and save my poor soul in thy kingdom, through our Lord Jesus Christ. Amen."

The effect of this prayer was wonderful. The artless simplicity and unaffected fervor that pervaded the whole of it, carried conviction to those that were present. Signs were heard in every part of the room, and there was scarcely a dry eye in the meeting. M. C. July 16, 1827.

## OBITUARY.

## FROM THE METHODIST MAGAZINE.

## MEMOIR OF MR. DANIEL DORSEY.

DEAR BROTHERS.—Notwithstanding the subject of the following memoir has some time slept in death unnoticed in any of our public journals, yet we think there is sufficient reason why he should not thus be ever slept. The delay has not been in consequence of any thing dubious in the character of the deceased, but is wholly owing to other causes, and may perhaps, in part, be chargeable on the writer of this. By giving the following a place in the Magazine, you will not only confer a favor on a large number of surviving friends of the deceased, but present to view a sketch of the character of one who has borne the heat and burden of the day, in the infancy of Methodism in this part of the Lord's vineyard. Respectfully yours,

ABNER CHASE.

DANIEL DORSEY, the subject of the following memoir, was born March 8th, 1757, at Elk Ridge, Ann Arundel county, state of Maryland. He was in early life put to school from home, where he mostly spent

his time until the age of sixteen. He was afterwards placed with an eminent physician, with whom he continued until the breaking out of the war which separated this country from Great Britain. Soon after which he joined the American army, and though young, he was soon promoted to the office of captain in the army of Washington, in which he continued until after the battle of Germantown. He then resigned his commission and returned home, and in March 1779, married and settled on a farm.

Having received the principles of moral rectitude with his early education, he was not found in the practice of those sins which disgrace human nature; or as he expressed it, "the pride of his heart guarded him against those gross sins which would bring a reproach on his character," yet he often felt that he was a sinner against God, and had great uneasiness of mind on that account.

At this time little, very little, was known or said about experimental religion where he resided. Those his own words, here and there a solitary and desponding Methodist was seen, but they were generally viewed as deluded beings.

In the winter of 1785, his mind became deeply exercised about his future state, but being ignorant of the plan or way of salvation by faith in Christ, he went through great distress of mind until midsummer. At this time several pious families from England settled in his neighborhood. Among them was a local preacher, with whom he soon became acquainted, and by whose pious counsel and instruction he was led to that fountain where sin may be washed away. In the month of August, of that year, he found deliverance from the load of guilt and sin, and a witness of his acceptance with God through a gracious Redeemer.

In December following, a society was formed in his neighborhood, to which with about twenty others he attached himself. Of this society he soon after became leader, and continued in that office until his removal to the far part of the country. About the time of his being called to lead a class, he was appointed a steward of the circuit, and filled that responsible office of his native place, until his removal named above.

In the year 1801, he emigrated with his family to Lyons, (then) Ontario county, N. Y. And as he had seen Methodism in its infancy in Maryland, he was the better prepared to support it in its comparative weakness in the place to which he had removed. This he did not fail to do. And it may safely be said, to him under God, the Methodist Episcopal church is indebted for his aid in its early establishment in this part of the country, and as one of its firmest supporters. He was immediately called to fill both the offices in the church which he had held in his native state, and held that of leader until his death, a space of about thirty-six years. Few perhaps have served the church in that relation as long or with greater acceptability. The office of steward he in 1820 resigned on account of his declining health.

In 1810 he became deeply sensible of the necessity of holiness of heart in order to be prepared for heaven. He therefore sought and found deeper communion with God. And according to his own account for eight years he lived and walked in the light of the Lord, and rejoiced with joy unspeakable and full of glory. This happy state of mind he afterwards in a measure lost, but previous to his death, he was again enabled to exercise a calm reliance on God, and submit to the divine will.

His last sickness, which was lingering and painful, he bore with Christian patience and fortitude, and died in peace on the sixth day of May, 1827.

On reviewing his character it may be said he discharged his part well in the various relations of private and public life. As a citizen, he discharged the various duties of society with faithfulness and integrity, in the domestic circle, on the bench, and in the legislative hall.

As a Christian he was uniform, and his piety appeared in a well ordered life and conversation. Benevolent and humane, his house, his heart, and his hand were ever open, to shelter, to soothe and relieve the destitute and needy. And it is worthy of notice, that he was twice a great means of providing for the Geesee conference during its sitting, when it had not been previously invited by him or by any in his neighborhood. The first instance was at the time of its organization. And the second when it could not meet in Canada (as it had been previously appointed) in consequence of the late war.

As a leader, it has been said of him, that he so managed his class, that very few difficulties arose which he was not able to reconcile without bringing them before the church. As a steward, he always set the example himself when liberality was called for, and was ever active to move others forward in this work.

But he has left the church militant, and we have no doubt but he has joined the church triumphant.

## THE GATHERER.

## PROMPT PAYMENT.

The Rev. Lewis Craig in travelling some years ago, he crossed a ferry, presenting his pay, the ferryman replied, "Mr. Craig, I will not take your money, you may pay for me." Mr. Craig walked out of the boat, and invited the ferryman to come ashore, that he might pay for him. The man replied, "I did not mean you, Mr. Craig, I am in a hurry, do it another time." But Mr. Craig seriously answered, "I will not go away in your debt." Little as the ferryman loved this kind of prompt payment; by this kind of compulsion he submitted, and Mr. Craig prayed for the salvation of his soul.

## BONAPARTE BEFORE THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

As the dearth of bread, and other causes of dissatisfaction, continued to produce commotions in Paris, the General of the Interior was sometimes obliged to oppose them with the military forces. On one occasion, it is said, when Bonaparte was anxiously admonishing the multitude to disperse, a very bulky woman exhorted them to keep their ground. "Never mind these coxcombs with the epaulettes," said she, "they do not care if we are all starved, so they themselves feed and get fat."—"Look at me, good woman," said Bonaparte, who was then as thin as a shadow, "and tell me which is the fatter of us two." This turned the laugh against the Amazon, and the rabble dispersed in good humor.

Expense of Life and Money.—Mr. Palreys estimates the annual consumption of ardent spirits in the U. States, at 45 millions of gallons, which, reckoning the drinking population at a million of persons, (about one twelfth of the whole,) would give them, individually, an average allowance of a pint of liquid poison in a day. Forty-five millions of gallons would feed the Middlesex canal upwards of 15 miles, or the N. York canal upwards of 8 miles.

## STAGE ANECDOTE.

In a stage coach passing between Washington and Baltimore, a young man, who seemed to imagine that all the world was in the dark with respect to religious matters, and himself in the light, was advancing some of his infidel opinions, which were severely rebuffed by an aged minister. As a last subterfuge, he declared, that even though he was over so much disposed to follow the Scriptures, he had no evidence of their being true.

"I believe," said the minister, "from your conversation, that you are acquainted with Mathematics." "Partially," was the reply. "Well, then, can you solve me such a problem?" repeating one of Euclid's. "No." "Do you believe it can be done?" "Yes." "On what ground do you believe this, seeing you cannot do it yourself?" "Because it is stated in Euclid's Elements." "Then, you will believe what is stated in Euclid, but will not believe what is stated in the Bible, although backed by tradition?" The youth acknowledged the justice of the logic, and said no more.

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